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Garth Ennis Russ Braun Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

SIXTY-FOUR

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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

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SIXTY-FOUR

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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OVER THE HILL WITH THE SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN

part five

...I DON'T BLAME HIM, TRYNNA FLY THROUGH THAT AIRSPACE TONIGHT'D BE SUICIDE. JUST MAKE SURE WE'VE GOT TRANSPORT WAITIN' AT DULLES.

AN' MAKE SURE THE BLOKE IN CHARGE KNOWS THE SCORE, WILL YOU? HOW'S THE REST OF IT COMIN'?

FUCK, I DIDN'T KNOW THEY HAD THAT MANY. MAGIC.

YEAH, ALL RIGHT, THEN.

SEE YOU.

I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WE HAD HALF O' THIS...!

YEAH, SOME OF IT'S A BIT OF A GIGGLE, INNIT?

JUST TALKIN' TO RAYNER, THERE. ALL SORTED. MEANIN' WE'RE WALKIN' INTO FUCK KNOWS WHAT, AN' SHE'S NICE AN' SAFE IN HER BUNKER...

AYE, FROM WHAT I'VE BEEN SEEIN' ON THE NEWS, WASHINGTON'S FUCKIN' *CRAWLIN'* WI' SUPES...!

COUNTIN' ON GETTIN' A BIT OF A HAND WITH THEM. IT'S THE SEVEN IN PARTICULAR WE'VE GOTTA WORRY ABOUT, WHICH IS WHY I'VE GOT M.M. FOLLOWIN' THIS BIG HUNCH OF HIS.

NOSE LIKE A FUCKIN' BLOODHOUND, THAT BLOKE.

HUGHIE?

ALL I'VE BEEN DOIN'S TRYNNA TOUGHEN YOU UP, MATE. I JUST CAN'T STAND THE THOUGHT O' YOU GETTIN' HURT.

'COS THIS FUCKIN' WORLD'LL EAT YOU ALIVE IF YOU LET IT.

HOW LONG NOW, MATE?

E.T.A. IS *FOURTEEN MINUTES,* SIR.

--SOURCE OR SOURCES REMAIN UNCLEAR, BUT A TIDAL WAVE OF IMAGES AND DOCUMENTATION--

--SUPERHERO COMMUNITY, SEEMINGLY OVER SEVERAL DECADES--

--ALLEGATIONS INCLUDING--

--HEELS OF THE RECENT SCANDAL INVOLVING JACK FROM JUPITER--

--FRESH LIGHT ON EVENTS IN WASHINGTON D.C. TODAY--

M. MARATHON
9/11/01

--AMONGST OTHERS, LINKS TO RUSSIAN ORGANIZED CRIME, WHOSE--

--TRAGEDY OF SEPTEMBER THE ELEVENTH, WHEN INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS TEAM THE SEVEN ARE ALLEGED TO HAVE BOARDED--

--DESTROYED THE LEVEES TO CAUSE WIDESPREAD FLOODING AND WHAT'S BEEN TERMED ETHNIC CLEANSING, FREEING UP VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR--

--OF A CONSPIRACY INVOLVING THE VOUGHT-AMERICAN CORPORATION AND PRESIDENT VICTOR NEUMAN, WITH A PROGRAM TO PUSH SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT ON THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT: ULTIMATELY REPLACING MEN AND MACHINES WITH--

NORAD, I JUST BLEW A PLANE-LOAD OF AMERICANS OUT OF THE SKY, IF WE LET THIS ONE THROUGH IT WAS FOR NOTHING! PLEASE!

--MOST DISTURBING OF ALL, A SERIES OF PHOTGRAPHS SHOWING THE HOMELA

ENOUGH.

?

OH.

THESE DON'T OPEN THE WHOLE WAY. YOU'LL HAVE TO SMASH YOUR WAY IN OR USE LASER-VISION OR SOMETHING.

TRY TO DO IT QUIETLY, I'M HAVING THE WORST HEADACHE OF MY ENTIRE LIFE.

CHIEF, ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THE AUTHORIZATION FOR THESE THINGS...?

ONE HUNDRED PERCENT.

OKAY, BECAUSE I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THEM BEFORE. FOR STARTERS THEY'RE D.U.-TIPPED-- SINCE WHEN DO A.A. MISSILES NEED ARMOR-PIERCING CAPABILITY?

AND THIS LITTLE WHATEVER-IT-IS HERE, I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO FLY STRAIGHT WITH THOSE BOLTED ONTO THE SIDE...

JESUS, THE JOINT CHIEFS FORGOT TO CONSULT YOU AGAIN. WILL YOU PLEASE JUST GET THE DAMN THINGS ON THE RAILS?

BECAUSE BY THE LOOK OF WHAT'S BEEN FLYING IN--

"YOU GOT EVERYTHING NOT IN PAKISTAN STILL TO GO."

15109

SECURITY, STAND DOWN.

BUT SIR, WE--

STAND DOWN. I WON'T BE NEEDING YOU.

WISE.

THERE'S NOTHING THEY COULD DO TO HELP YOU, ANYWAY.

I SEE BUTCHER'S LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

ONLY BECAUSE OF THIS NONSENSE OF YOURS IN WASHINGTON. I'D TELL YOU HOW MANY YEARS OF WORK YOU'VE RUINED, BUT I CAN'T IMAGINE YOU CARE IN THE SLIGHTEST.

STILL EIGHTY OVER SIXTY.

YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE TORN LIMB FROM LIMB, AND YOU'RE COMPLETELY CALM.

OH, LET'S NOT PRETEND I WAS GOING TO GET AN INVITATION TO THAT PARTICULAR PARTY. ONCE YOU HAD VIC IN PLACE AND THE DEFENSE CONTRACTS WERE COMING IN, WE WERE ALL GOING TO BE REPLACED.

YOU'RE GROWING THE NEW ME RIGHT NOW. SOME CAMO-CLOTHED TACTICAL GENIUS VERSION THAT DOES EXACTLY WHAT IT'S TOLD.

HMH.

I THINK I'VE FINALLY MET A SUPERHUMAN...

WHY, BECAUSE YOU'VE NEVER MANAGED TO IMPRESS ME?

THINK ABOUT IT. THIS IS PAR FOR THE COURSE WITH YOU.

WHEN HAVE YOU EVER DONE ANYTHING REMOTELY INTERESTING OR ORIGINAL? WHAT HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF TO DO THAT THE LOWEST SPECK OF THIS POINTLESS SPECIES COULDN'T, WERE THEY TO BE GRANTED YOUR LEVEL OF POWER?

AND WHAT NEXT, DESTROY ANOTHER AIRLINER? DISMEMBER MORE FAMILIES, THAT KIND OF THING?

A SPOILED CHILD'S PERSONAL AUSCHWITZ. IT'S SO PETTY IT'S ACTUALLY QUITE EMBARASSING.

I'M JUST GLAD I WON'T BE ALIVE TO SEE IT...

WHAT?

YOU KNOW, I THINK I'LL SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE. I'LL JUMP.

STOP FUCKING AROUND. YOU THINK I NEED TO IMPRESS YOU?

YOU SMUG FUCKING COCKSUCKING PRICK, YOU *REALLY THINK* I'M LOOKING FOR--

OH, GOD. KILL ME NOW.

JUST BECAUSE I STOOD AND TOOK YOUR SHIT, WHEN ANY TIME I CHOSE I COULD HAVE--

PLEASE KILL ME?

YOU--

YOU--!

...KEEP WATCHING.

JUST KEEP WATCHING. THAT'S ALL I'M GOING TO SAY.

I WILL, BELIEVE ME.

SHUT UP.

SHUT UP!

OR I WOULD, IF I THOUGHT YOU HAD SOMETHING WORTH SEEING.

WHAT THE FUCK YOU MEAN THEY STILL FIGHTIN'? YOU ***SUPERHEROES,*** GODDAMMIT...!

WE, WE DIDN'T HAVE ALL THE BULLETPROOF GUYS UP FRONT... IT GOT KIND OF CONFUSING WHEN WE WENT IN...

WHY HASN'T VIC SAID ANYTHING YET?

I MEAN WE'VE DONE THIS FOR HIM AND VOUGHT, YOU'D THINK HE'D PUT OUT A STATEMENT OR SOMETHING...

YEAH, THE HOMELANDER SAID THERE'D BE SOMETHING ABOUT IT, LIKE VIC WOULD SAY WE WERE FIGHTING DAKOTA BOB LOYALISTS...

WHERE *IS* THE HOMELANDER, ANYWAY?

COMIN'.

HE'S COMIN', HE'S ON HIS WAY.

HE SAID SECURE THE WHITE HOUSE FOR WHEN HE ARRIVES-- WE DONE THAT. ***YOUR TEAMS*** SHOULDA TAKEN THE PENTAGON BY NOW, SO WHAT THE FUCK'S KEEPIN' YOU FROM--

HOW COME THE COPS ARE STAYING PUT?

I MEAN THEY'VE BEEN TURNING CIVILIANS AWAY, BUT THAT'S ALL...IT'S LIKE THEY'VE BEEN TOLD TO LEAVE US BE...

MAYBE THEY WAITIN' TO SEE WHO WINS. MAYBE VOUGHT GOT IN TOUCH ALREADY.

CAN WE STICK TO THE GODDAMN POINT HERE? PLEASE?

OH FATHER!

OH FATHER, CAN WE GET THAT STATEMENT NOW--?

JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST, YOU DIDN'T EVEN TELL SOMEONE TO *KEEP THEM OUTTA HERE...?*

NO COMMENT.

SIR, IN LIGHT OF--

NO COMMENT. THIS IS A DANGEROUS AREA, THERE ARE STILL DISSIDENTS INSIDE THE BUILDING.

SIR, ARE YOU STILL STICKING TO THAT STORY?

'FUCK YOU SAY?

OH FATHER, AMONG TONIGHT'S REVELATIONS WAS A CONFIDENTIAL REPORT CONCERNING THE RECENT MEDICAL EXAMINATION OF YOUR WARDS, THE JUNIOR TEAM *SIDEKICK TWELVE.* HAVE YOU READ THE REPORT?

DO YOU HAVE ANY COMMENT ON *IT?*

JESUS, THE WHOLE BLOODY ARMY'S HERE...!

MARINES, HUGHIE.

EH?

THESE BOYS ARE MARINES. MIGHT BE A GOOD OMEN, I WAS A BOOTNECK MESELF.

THEN AGAIN, I DID GET MY LOT FUCKIN' KILLED...

ARE YOU *BUTCHER?*

THAT'S ME.

COLONEL JOHN LANHAM, MARFORCOM. SIR, I AM INSTRUCTED TO HAND OVER OPERATIONAL CONTROL TO YOU AND AWAIT YOUR ORDERS.

CHEERS, COLONEL.

THEY TOLD ME PROMOTION WAS ON THE CARDS, SO LONG AS I HELD ON LONG ENOUGH.

THAT'S AN AWFUL LOT O' FLYIN' WANKERS UP THERE. WOULD THAT BE YOUR TACTICAL ANALYSIS TOO, LANCE-CORPORAL CAMPBELL?

EH? OH.

AYE.

WHAT THEY BEEN UP TO, ANYWAY?

HOLDING THEIR POSITION, AT LEAST SINCE WE GOT HERE. THEY'VE BEEN WATCHING US ASSEMBLE, NOTHING ELSE.

ANY SIGN O' THE HOMELANDER YET?

MIKE, YOU SAW HIM?

AFFIRMATIVE, SIR, MAYBE TWENTY MINUTES AGO. DROPPED DOWN PAST THE REST AND ENTERED THE OVAL OFFICE.

NO SIGN SINCE.

BEYOND THAT, ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS THEY SEEM TO HAVE KEPT IT FLIERS-ONLY AT THIS LOCATION. THE ONES AT THE PENTAGON ARE NEARLY ALL--I GUESS YOU'D HAVE TO CALL THEM THEIR GROUND FORCES.

HMH.

SIR, SPEAKING OF THE PENTAGON, I'VE BEEN GETTING REQUESTS...

NO.

LADS DOWN THERE'LL HAVE TO HANG ON AS BEST THEY CAN. IT AIN'T WORTH SPLITTIN' OUR FORCES HERE, NOT FOR SOME SORT O' RESCUE MISSION WE AIN'T GOT TIME TO PLAN RIGHT.

I CONCUR, SIR. WHATEVER HAPPENS--

I THINK IT'LL BE DECIDED HERE.

OH YEAH, WHAT ABOUT OUR AIR SUPPORT?

WHAT THEY'RE TELLING ME IS THERE'LL BE TWO GROUPS: ONE OF INTERCEPTORS, THE OTHER PRIMARILY A-10s. DIVISION OF TARGETS IS PRETTY OBVIOUS.

THEY'RE RELUCTANT TO INITIATE BEFORE DAWN; THEY WANT DAYLIGHT TO MINIMIZE CIVILIAN CASUALTIES.

MAKES SENSE. PLUS THEY CAN COME IN OUTTA THE SUN.

YOU KNOW, I COULD FUCKIN' MURDER A CUPPA...

THAT MEANS WHAT YOU THINK IT DOES, LIEUTENANT.

YES SIR. PRIVATE ZABARNOWSKI!

GO WITH HIM, HUGHIE. DON'T LET HIM MAKE COFFEE, WHATEVER YOU DO.

YOU KNOW WHO'D'VE LOVED ALL THIS?

OL' MALLORY.

...HUNDRED TWENTY MIKE-MIKE A.P. FIN STABILIZED. THAT PLUS EVERY SMALL ARMS D.U. ROUND IN THE INVENTORY.

TELL 'EM TO AIM FOR EYES, MOUTH, OPEN WOUNDS. THE TANKIES ESPECIALLY, MAKE SURE THEY GIVE IT FUCKIN' LOADS.

TA, COLONEL.

ALL RIGHT, HUGHIE, THAT'S ME...

EH?

WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT *OPEN WOUNDS*...?

GONNA TRY AN' MAKE A COUPLE.

I'M GOIN' IN THERE AFTER THE HOMELANDER.

BUT--
BUT--ON YER *OWN*...?

MM-HM.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS? D'YOU NO' WANNA WAIT FOR FRENCHIE AN' THE FEMALE AN' M.M.?

WRONG JOB FOR 'EM.

WE AIN'T MEANT TO BE SOLDIERS, HUGHIE. WE WATCH, WE LISTEN, WE PICK UP INTEL. WE ONLY HIT PEOPLE WE KNOW WON'T GIVE US TROUBLE, OR WE THINK WE CAN TAKE 'COS THEY'RE LOOKIN' IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

I AIN'T CHUCKIN' THE BOYS AWAY ON SOME FUCKIN' BATTLEFIELD.

WHAT ABOUT YOU...?

WELL, THIS IS BETWEEN ME AN' CUNTYBOLLOCKS, INNIT?

I TOLD YOU IT WAS MY TURN.

YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE BY YERSELF! I'M COMIN' WITH YOU, THERE'S NO FUCKIN' WAY--

OH NO YOU BLOODY AIN'T. COLONEL, IF THIS LAD COMES AFTER ME, DON'T BOTHER TRYNNA GRAB HIM-- JUST HAVE SOMEONE BLOW ONE OF HIS KNEECAPS OFF, ALL RIGHT?

CHEERS, HUGHIE.

SEE YOU.

GODDAMMIT, *PICK UP,* YOU--

FRENCHIE?

BONJOUR, LAIT DE LA MER!

OH, *SHIT--!*

ALL IS WELL, MON BRAVE. LE COCHON AT VOUGHT WAS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD.

WHAT NEWS OF M'SIEU CHARCUTER, ET PETIT HUGHIE?

UH--FUCKED. IF I DON'T GET THROUGH TO ONE OF 'EM SOON.

THE WHOLE GODDAMN SYSTEM CRASHED, EVERYONE'S TALKIN' TO EVERYONE ABOUT THIS SUPE BULLSHIT...

M.M.?

HUGHIE? WHERE THE FUCK YOU AT, MAN? WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENIN'?

OH JESUS, WHERE TO BEGIN? THERE'S FUCKIN' SOLDIERS EVERYWHERE, THE SKY'S FULLA SUPES, AN' BUTCHER'S AWAY INTO THE WHITE HOUSE TO TAKE ON THE HOMELANDER SINGLE-HANDED...!

HUGHIE--

WHAT ABOUT BLACK NOIR?

UH, WHAT ABOUT HIM...?

YOU SEEN HIM? YOU HEARD ANYONE MENTION HIM?

NO...

I MEAN JUST ABOUT EVERY OTHER SUPE IN THE WORLD'S HERE, BUT NO' HIM.

THEY'RE JUST HANGIN' IN THE SKY WATCHIN' BUTCHER WALK IN THERE, THEY'RE NO' DOIN' ANYTHIN' TO STOP HIM...

YEAH, I BET THE GODDAMN HOMELANDER'S ALREADY LICKIN' HIS LIPS. YOU GO AFTER HIM, GET HIM TO COME THE FUCK BACK?

NO, HE MADE PRETTY BLOODY SURE I'D BE STAYIN' PUT. HE EVEN TURNED HIS PHONE OFF.

LISTEN, WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL ABOUT BLACK NOIR?

FUCK. *FUCK.* HE--

OKAY, THE LEGEND GOT ME INTO VOUGHT'S SYSTEM AGAIN. I WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE IDENT CODE BEIN' BLACK NOIR.

HUGHIE, THIS WHOLE THING--I THINK IT MIGHTA BEEN ABOUT HIM ALL ALONG, MAN. I MEAN, WE COULDA BEEN LOOKIN' IN THE WRONG GODDAMN DIRECTION THE WHOLE TIME.

I MEAN THIS IS-- THIS IS THE FUCKED UP PARTA FUCKED UP. BUTCHER WALKS INTO THAT PLACE NOW, AN' SHIT'S GONE DOWN LIKE I THINK IT HAS?

HE AIN'T GONNA FIND NO FUCKIN' SUPERHERO WAITIN'.

HE GONNA BE UP AGAINST SOME OTHER SHIT ALTOGETHER.

next: MY NAME--IS MICHAEL CAINE.